

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 55 Park Row.
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year.....\$2.50 One Year.....\$5.75
Six Months.....\$1.25 One Month.....\$0.50
VOLUME 56.....NO. 20,005

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

SOME weeks ago The Evening World drew attention to the urgent need of summoning the park authorities and the best landscape experts in the country to co-operate with the engineers in planning one of the most important improvements the city has ever contemplated.

We refer to the proposed changes in Riverside Park which must follow the covering of the New York Central tracks along sections of Riverside Drive.

Public spirited citizens who look ahead are awake to the fact that this is more than an engineer's job. It must be treated with the care and foresight it deserves NOW before it is too late.

Two letters which follow are to the point:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Engineers tell us Riverside Park will be improved. But I need scarcely remind you that the original plans for Central Park were made by a body of citizens as distinguished as those who now make this improvement of Riverside Park. The Central Park plans were the work of engineers as competent as those now employed.

Yet after several years' work under these Central Park plans it was found necessary to change them fundamentally. The whole park had to be completely re-designed.

Prospect Park in Brooklyn was planned by a commission of distinguished citizens, again under engineering guidance, and again it was found necessary to change fundamentally these plans under direction of competent landscape architects.

Changes now proposed in Riverside Park have the support of the Port and Terminals Committee, but the Park Commissioner's name nowhere appears on the plans. He is custodian of the parks, important changes are proposed, but we know nothing of his opinion as to the result of these changes. This method is contrary to all sound doctrine of park management.

It does not necessarily follow that any opinion park authorities might give would be finally controlling, but to ignore or suppress the opinion of those placed in charge of such priceless property is to act in defiance of the dictates of intelligence.

W. B. VAN INGEN.

Mr. Van Ingen is a well known New York artist who combines civic alertness with a level head.

Samuel Parsons, for fifteen years Superintendent of Parks, an authority on park planning and maintenance, writes:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The insuperable objection to the present plan for improving Riverside Park is the filling up of valleys it involves.

The character of a park lies in its valleys as much as its hills. It is the rolling contour which makes the chief beauty of Riverside Park.

The valleys must go if the present plans are carried out. No scheme of grading ever can give the public the present beautiful surface.

Why not sink the tracks far enough to save this surface? It will be cheaper in the end and is the only sensible way.

SAMUEL PARSONS.

The whole matter calls for further expert examination and advice before any contracts are signed.

Nor is the most economical way the one that costs least now. If engineers are allowed to go ahead on the "build a good tunnel and sod it over" plan, within a few years New Yorkers will be frowning at a miserable disappointment and facing the expenditure of millions of dollars more to correct errors that need never have been made.

The Riverside water front, with its varied background of banks rising toward the city, is an extraordinarily fine one. It would be the pride of any European city—studied, improved regardless of cost—built into an enduring asset of municipal convenience and sightliness.

Unless New York has foresight and patience to treat the present plan as a park project no less than as an engineering feat the result will be a monumental blotch.

The President believes this nation should stand ready to help enforce peace—which is a very different thing from trying to butt in with it.

Twelve good men and true can still find a cold-blooded murderer guilty without phrases. "Moral imbeciles" and "sick souls" haven't yet turned trial by jury into a psychological clinic.

Hits From Sharp Wits

When an applicant for a position is told that he will be home in mind if anything turns up, he would better continue to try to turn something up elsewhere.—*Albany Journal.*

Women throw old shoes at a bride with the hope of hitting the groom. Too many men have the mistaken notion that the thing to do is the other fellow.—*Toledo Blade.*

One of the things that is losing its

Letters From the People

High School Cadets.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to take exception to the statement that the students of Stuyvesant High School were the first in the country to form a company of cadets.

The high schools of the City of Boston have for years maintained several regiments of cadets, and they were, and still are, trained to a high degree of efficiency in military drill, both regimental and company, by officers of high rank in the M. V. M. and receive military diplomas. For the past several years military drill has been part of the school curriculum. It would seem that New York is just waking up to a need of preparedness among its school students that existed in Boston over twenty years ago.

First "Barberless Barber Shop."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A Chicago barber claims to have established the first barberless barber shop in the world. By referring to your files you will find that on April 5, 1912, The Evening World published an article which will disprove Chicago's claim to this honor. John

Barbagallo is jealous of the fact that he gave to New York City the first barberless barber shop, and before you relegate this to the waste basket of hopes that you will call the turn on Chicago by referring to the article mentioned above, which can be found on the first page of the "Night Herd" in New York section.

JOHN BARBAGALLO.
London, 4,522,064; Manhattan, 2-103,200; Greater New York City, 5,353,985.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly state through the columns of The Evening World the population of London, England, and also New York and Greater New York City?

W. L. WANDS.
Buffalo.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To decide a bet, please state through the columns of The Evening World the population of the People which is the second city in New York in point of population.

JOHN B. O'BRIEN.
Agriculture.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which industry includes the more people in this country, agriculture or manufacturing?

R. S. T.

Men Who Fail

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By J. H. Cassel



"I threw up my last job because I couldn't get along with the boss."

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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MISS TILLIE, the blond stenographer, dropped the newspaper she had been reading. "Say," she said, to nobody in particular, "what's this wire-trapping I've heard so much about? What kind of traps are they using and what are they trying to trap?"

Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss, just had to smile. "My goodness, Miss Tillie!" she said. "Why don't you keep up on current events? It's wire-trapping—not trapping. I think the linnens are trying to collect for their work, but the city declares it was done for charity and won't pay."

"Oh, I see," replied the blonde. "That's why the Mayor is provoked."

"Absolutely. His argument is perfectly sound."

"Sure it's sound," said Bobbie, the office boy, "since it's about a lot of telephones. You see, telephones transmit sound, and you."

"Parson me, Bobbie, but you're interrupting," said Miss Prim sternly. "And, more than that, what you have to say is of no consequence whatever."

"You people make me smile," said Poppy, the shipping clerk. "Miss Prim has that wire-trapping thing all wrong. She has made it just about as clear as—"

"Silence!" snapped Miss Prim at the boy. Then she turned to Poppy. "Will you kindly tell me wherein I'm wrong?" she asked, defiantly.

"Sure," replied Poppy. "It was a charitable institution."

"Ahem!" said Spooner, the book-keeper. "I'm inclined to think we'd better change the subject. I see shoes are going up. What do you think of that?"

"Evidently you've been to some burlesque show," said Poppy. "That's where they have girls who kick."

"I have not been to any burlesque show and I don't care for your jest," said Spooner. "I mean shoes are going up in price."

"Huh!" said Bobbie. "Guess we'll all have to wear boots."

"That was a silly remark," said Miss Prim. "If shoes are bigger naturally boots are."

"Oh, sure," replied Bobbie. "Boots often come clear up to the knees, while shoes seldom do."

"Well, I never!" chirped Miss Tillie. "That's the brightest remark I've heard in a long time. If I weren't tired I'd give Miss Prim a joke about the slipper."

"Slipper any way," came from the boy.

"There seems to be a movement on foot here to tease somebody," said Poppy, smiling broadly.

"And I suppose I'm the goat, to use a slang expression," snapped Miss Prim. "Well, it's got to be stopped. I'll have nobody springing cheap wit-nesses at my expense. I shall tell the next one who does it exactly what I think of him."

"Quiet now—be calm!" said Spooner. "Here comes the boss."

Mr. Snooks entered the room wearing a smile. "Good morning, folks," he said. "I almost did a wonderful trick just now."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"DIDN'T you forget something?" asked Mr. Jarr, as he paused at the threshold as he was departing for the day's work.

Mrs. Jarr, who had kissed him goodby, and asked him for money, could think of nothing remiss in the whole duty of a wife, and so looked at him in a puzzled manner.

"You forgot to ask me if I would be home early!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "Oh, I don't expect you!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You are crazy, like all the rest of the men, about baseball. You'll be standing watching the bulletin boards."

That man Rangle never gets home till 11 and 12 o'clock every night, being at the baseball games, but Mrs. Rangle says she doesn't care, as it keeps him out of the saloons."

"Do you mean you don't expect me home early or you don't want me?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"It appears to me that every day is their favorite day," replied Mrs. Jarr, "whether they live in town or in the suburbs. Take Mrs. Jenkins, for instance. I'm sure she gets to the stores oftener than I do, and she tells me that the suburban trains are crowded with women all the time. They come to town after their husbands leave home and they are back before them. Talk about living in the city! Well, those women that complain because they live in the suburbs get to matinees and bargain sales oftener than women that live in town!"

"Commuters don't have much pleasure going to the theatre," said Mr. Jarr. "They haven't time to dine after the play; they often haven't time to stay till the last act is finished."

"Huh!" sniffed Mrs. Jarr. "Those women that live in the suburban towns don't deny themselves anything in the way of play-going. They come in to the matinees. You should see the midday trains! They are just loaded down with overdressed women coming in to spend their husbands' money. They are matinee crazy, and what with their bridge whist clubs at home and their running to town every day and every day, it's no wonder they can't keep servants, and their poor children are neglected and run wild."

"Well, they have plenty of fresh air and plenty of playroom," replied Mrs. Jarr. "For they have nobody to look after them or know what they are doing, poor little things, with their mothers running to town and running to town day after day!"

"Living in the country can't be so bad, after all, then," said Mr. Jarr. "Let us move out."

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Jarr. "I live far enough away from the theatres and stores up here, as it is!"

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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TO a woman the first kiss is a sacrament; to a man it is—just a kiss.

This is the time of year when a bachelor goes about with a "To Let" sign over his heart, and any fluffy little thing he happens to meet can walk right in and take up her summer quarters.

After a woman has had two or three husbands it is always a puzzle to her whether her friends are pitying her for not being able to stay married or envying her for being able to go right on getting married.

A man's first love is the most superlative thing in the world; after that they are merely comparative.

Just as a man takes a morning "nip" to cure the headache left by the night before, a girl sometimes rushes into a new flirtation to forget the headache left by the one before.

The quickest way to shatter the home is by hurling home truths at one another.

When a man breaks his promise to a woman he can always soothe his conscience by making her another "just as good."

Competition is the life of love; marriage the monopoly that kills it.

Just now a man is so apt to look at the moon and mistake that lump in the throat for love.

The Stories Of Stories

Lots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE BOTTLE IMP; by Robert Louis Stevenson.

KEAWE, the Hawaiian sailor, bought the bottle from an unhappy rich man in San Francisco.

It was no common bottle, this opal-hued flask, for its glass had been tempered in the flames of the infernal regions, and Satan himself had placed an imp of mischief inside it. Whosoever should own this devilish bottle could ask for what he would and receive the thing he asked for. But if he still possessed the bottle at the time of his death, his soul would be forever lost. Nor could he sell it, except for minted money and for less than he had paid for it.

All this the sad millionaire told Keawe. Also that the price had grown less and less throughout the centuries, until now it could be bought for \$50.

Keawe paid the \$50; then wished for the money back again. Instantly, every penny of it was in his pocket. He returned to Hawaii, and there he wished for a beautiful, great house on a hillside overlooking the sea. And the house was his.

Having now all the wealth he needed, or wanted—and fearing to die with the bottle in his possession—he sold the flask to a shipmate of his for a few cents less than he paid for it.

Soon after that he met and wooed Kokua, a girl to whom his heart went out at first sight of her. She loved him as dearly as he loved her. And they were betrothed. No man in all Hawaii was happier than Keawe. He loved and was loved. And he had won wealth without losing his soul.

Then, one night, as he bathed, he saw a rough patch on his skin. And he knew he had fallen victim to leprosy. Goodby now to his happiness and his love! The vision of Kokua's loveliness arose before his tortured mind. And he cried aloud:

"I will venture my soul to win you!"

He set forth to find his shipmate and to buy back the bottle that he might wish himself well again.

But his shipmate had sold the bottle, and so had the man to whom the shipmate had sold it. And so on until Keawe at last traced it to its latest owner—a young man who had bought it for 2 cents. That meant Keawe must buy it for one cent, or not at all. And—how could he sell it again for less? Yet, for love of Kokua he paid his cent, took the bottle and wished himself clean of his leprosy. And at once he was cured.

He needed Kokua; but ever the thought of his soul's damnation marred the joy of his life with her. And at last he could no longer keep his secret grief to himself, but told his wife all. Kokua was cleverer than he, and she saw a way of escape. They went to the French Island of Papeete, where the centime is a minted coin worth only one-fifth of a cent.

There Kokua secretly persuaded a dying beggar to buy the bottle from Keawe for four centimes, and took an oath to buy it back from the beggar for three. She kept her oath. Keawe was gloriously happy—until he discovered that she had sold it to a woman who was his wife's sister. But the bottle and thus had risked damnation.

Keawe did not tell her that he had learned her secret. He sought out a secondarily drunken sailor and, giving him three centimes, bribed him to go to Kokua and buy the bottle from her. Keawe promised to buy it back from him for two. The sailor bought the bottle from Kokua, but realizing its value, he craftily refused to sell it again to Keawe.

"I tell you," warned Keawe, wild hope springing up in him, "the man who has that bottle goes to hell!"

"I reckon I'm going, anyway," hiccupped the sailor, staggering away, "and this bottle's the best thing to go with I've struck yet. Good night to you!"

Keawe rushed back to his wife, his heart aglow with the bliss of their escape. And home they went together to a life of wonderful happiness in their great house on the Hawaiian hillside.

A man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.—BACON.

Just a Wife—(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XIX.

AUGUST 11 (continued).—I suppose it's not morally wrong for women to smoke. I know that ever so many respectable wives and mothers do it nowadays. But the custom seems to me like putting on make-up—a practice from which a delicate-minded woman instinctively shrinks.

So when cigarettes were served with coffee to the feminine guests at Mrs. Denford's dinner, and when the other women began to smoke with an almost fervent eagerness—well, I couldn't follow their example.

Though nothing was said, I had the miserable consciousness that every one present was noting my defection and secretly smiling at my simplicity.

I longed to run away from these glittering hard-faced women, to go home, the daintiness and comfort and peace of my little apartment had never seemed so desirable. But I bit my lips to hide their trembling and to make my eyes as hard and bright as those about me. I would not fail Ned in the house of his friends. Besides, I knew that the men would rejoice in a few minutes for the dancing mentioned in our invitation. Mr. Thornydyke, the nice boy who had taken me in to dinner, had made me promise him the first waltz.

In the ballroom I felt better. I am fond of dancing and the music was beautiful. I danced with Mr. Thornydyke, with Ned and with several of the other men who were presented to me. Then, since I was a little tired, the nice Thornydyke boy—he's at least as good as the dancing mentioned in our invitation—suggested that we sit out the next one-step in the conservatory.

He left me on a marble seat behind a clump of ferns while he went to get me a glass of punch. The coolness and quiet were refreshing, and unconsciously I drew back as far as possible into the corner of the bench so that I was nearly hidden by the thick ferns.

Suddenly I heard voices on the other side of the fern-bower. And

(To Be Continued.)

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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In order to lessen the monotony of the journey, a Detroit manufacturer is building a revolving door with a graphophone attachment.

A pneumatic rubber heel enables a dancer to be very light on his partner's feet.

It is the consensus of opinion among scientists that there is no lost motion when a hobo starts after the free lunch.

You have no redress if your new Oxford blister your heels, as Thomas Jefferson overlooked that entirely in the Constitution.

A collapsible hat, to expand and contract with the wearer's head, is the latest for college graduates.

A Connecticut manufacturer has bequeathed the income from his post hole manufactory to sustain a one-armed lunchroom for left-handed people.